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A  
Pastoral Essay,  
Lamenting the  
DEATH

Of our Most Gracious  
Queen MARY,  
Of Blessed Memory.

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By Mr. MANNING.

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*Interitum moniesque feri, Sylvaque loquuntur. Virg.*

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L O N D O N.

Printed for J. Weld, at the Crown between the Temple-Gates  
in Fleet-street: And are to be Sold by J. Whitlock, near Sta-  
tioners-Hall, MDCXCV.

A  
Pastoral Epistle

Containing the

DEATH

Of our Most Gracious

Queen MARY.

Of Blessed Memory.

By Mr. W. W. W. W. W.

Interpretation of the Prophecy of the Virgin Mary.

727:15

LONDON

Printed for J. W. W. at the Crown between the Temple-Gates  
in Fleet-street. And are to be sold by J. W. W. near Sta-  
tioners-Hall, MDCCLXV.



To the Right Honourable

Sir JOHN SUMMERS, Kt.  
Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of  
ENGLAND, and one of His  
Majesties Most Honourable Pri-  
vy Council.

*May it please your Lordship;*

**A**mongst the pious acknowledgments, which have been lately paid to the Memory of our late Queen, This comes, tho' less deserving, to crave your Lordships Patronage. The true concern of its Author, will, I hope, in some sort excuse the errors of the Poem. 'Tis Pastoral, my Lord: A kind of Verse, us'd amongst Shepherds in old time, that admits of nothing affected, or disagreeing to the purest Innocence, such as was practised in the Golden Age. I presume not hereby to inform your Lordship of the Nature of Pastorals, but to vindicate that Verse from the ill opinions of some, who, methinks, by disapproving of it, must be no Friends to Vertues and Innocence. But lest I prove troublesome to your Lordship, whose Hours are of infinite Value and Importance, I humbly begg your Lordships acceptance of this Essay, and the honour to subscribe my self;

Thou shalt be  
My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

and most devoted Servant.

F. M.

To the R. of Honourable

Sir JOHN SUMMERS, Kt.

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of  
ENGLAND, and one of His  
Majesties Most Honourable Privy  
Council.

**A**mong the pious observations, which have been  
lately made to the Honourable House of Commons,  
concerning the late Lord of the Treasury, will I  
Presume, that the conduct of his Honour, will be  
found, in some sort, exact the credit of the Poem. In  
Pastoral, my Lord: A kind of Verse, which I have  
in old times, that admits of nothing affected, or disagreeing to the  
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Hours are of infinite Value and Importance, I humbly beg your  
Lordship's acceptance of this Essay, and the honour to subscribe my self

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and most devoted Servant

H. M.



## PASTORAL:

Lamenting the Death of the Late  
QUEEN.

*Damon.* *Melampus.*  
*Mel.* COME hither, *Damon*: I have one demand  
 To make, which well deserves a faithful hand.  
 I know thee grateful, and of tender mind,  
 Ready to please, and moulded to be kind.  
 You well recall how at *Adonis* Feast,  
 Amongst the tuneful Swains, at your request,  
 At your request, tho' much unskill'd in Lays,  
 I play'd upon my Pipe, and sung my *Damon's* praise.  
 Shepherd, I piped, and sung with all my Might,  
 Because 'twas pleasing in my Shepherd's sight.  
 Now all I ask is, Grant me one soft hour,  
 Soft as *Aglæ's* Arms, in yonder Bower:  
 An unfrequented place, secure of shade,  
 Fertile in wilds, for Grief most fitly made.  
 There with Harmonious Reed, and tuneful breath,  
 Thou shalt begin a Song of great *Sylvan's* Death.

*Dam.* Oh! I am most unfit for such a task,  
 Not able to perform the Boon you ask.  
 For so exalted doth the Theme appear,  
 That it exceeds a lowly Shepherd's Sphear.  
 Besides, should I retire with thee, and Sing,  
 My Flocks would stray to the forbidden Spring:  
 Believe me, 'tis an ugly Water place,  
 Muddy, unwholesom, round it noxious grass.

Such faults all there abouts are lately seen,  
 That now my Sheep graze always on the Green.  
 Yet to oblige thee, Swain, my gentle Friend,  
 For sure I love thee well: I'll strive to bend  
 My Art-less Voice, and tune my mournful Reed,  
 Pipe a sad strain, for Oh *Sylvana's*! Dead.

*Mel.* I know, kind Shepherd that the Subject's great  
 A lofty Theme, deserving utmost State.  
 Couldst thou like *Orpheus* move inanimates,  
 Or play at fam'd *Arion's* wondrous rate;  
 Werd thou the Favorite of all the Nine,  
 The first in Song of all the tuneful line:  
 If such thou wert in voice, and such in lays,  
 Yet wouldst thou not suffice to shew *Sylvana's* praise  
 But come, my Swain, what tho' thou art not made  
 To sing great, lofty strains, in *Roman* shade;  
 A Shepherd's humble Verse is full as well,  
 To shew a true concern and tender zeal,  
 As to thy Flocks; I'll view them all the while,  
 (And sure my eyes doel good,) I left any spoil  
 Be made, or they run roving to the Spring;  
 Now let us sit, and sweetly, *Damon*, sing.

*Dam.* Mourn, *British* woods; let every Swain deplore,  
 Lament each Nymph: *Sylvana* is no more!  
 O mournful time! O great and dismal cross!  
 Such as these Woods n're saw before this loss.  
 Where have we been, *Melampus*? how employ'd?  
 Wrapt up in joys, with various pleasures cloy'd?  
 It must be so: so calm was our Estate,  
 Minds so united, and so fixt our Seat.  
 We were so happy, but alas! the time  
 Is grown more dismal, and more sad the clime.  
 O mournful State! the Woods all chang'd appear,  
 The Trees all wither'd, and the Streams nor clear.

*Mourn, British woods; let every Swain deplore,  
 Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

Was ever Land so fortunately blest?  
 Were ever shady Groves so well possess'd  
 Of Lords? a pair without example seen,  
 The happiest, lovingst Shepherds of the Green.



He, the Great Swain, unmatched in vertue, Love,  
Greatness, and all things else that Heroes move.  
Great in himself, but Greater in the Pride  
He took in his all-shining, lovely Bride.  
A Shepherdess so exquisitely Fair,  
So Wise, so Good, in every thing so rare,  
That all Perfections seem'd to center there.  
So kind she was, so just, so fit to sway,  
She knew both how to Govern, and Obey.  
When Great affairs call'd the Great Swain abroad,  
Sylvana, to transact at home employ'd,  
That she reviv'd our hopes, and banish'd all our fears.  
With so much Prudence manag'd all affairs,  
Each thing, each State so gracefully became,  
Whate're she undertook immortaliz'd her Name.

*Mourn, British woods: let every Swain deplore,  
Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

O Direful loss! O most untimely Fate!  
Ye wretched Nymphs, mourn your unhappy State!  
Wheres the support of all your Glories fled?  
Mourn all your Ornament Sylvana Dead.  
Where are ye now, ye Woods? and where, ye Groves?  
How fare your Turtles, and how greet your Loves?  
Who shall adorn your Arbours, trim your Boughs,  
Who crop your Trees, and who your Grass-beds mows?  
Where are ye now, ye Rivers? where, ye Springs?  
And ye, false Rocks? and where is't Echo sings?  
All now deserted, all your loss bemoan,  
So Universal is the sorrow grown.

*Mourn, British woods: Let every Swain deplore,  
Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

Look where *Apollo* stands, the † *Nomian* God,  
Giving his answers by a silent Nod,  
No more *Admetus* flocks the Shepherd feeds,  
No more † *Amphrysus* hears his Oaten reed:

† *Apollo* was called  
*Nomius* a *pastor*  
because he fed  
the Sheep of *Admetus*.

† A River of *Thessaly*,  
upon whose banks  
*Apollo* is said to have  
fed the flocks of King  
*Admetus*.

See *Pales* too, how grief has chang'd her face,  
No longer seen that wonted, lively grace,  
Which made the Shepherds in a jovial ring,  
Dance to her praise, and to her honour sing.

No more protects the fields, All desert lyes,  
Pales the Goddess of the Shepherds crys.

Bacchus himself with all his jolly throng  
Contemns his Plays, and sadly walks along,  
No more they trip it on the softned ground,  
Nor more doth the two-handled Bowl go round,  
But all intent upon a solempn grief,  
The common care, pursue no vain relief.

Behold great Pan, see, see the flowing tide  
Of Tears, with Daphne piping by his side,  
What is't he plays, or to what tunes his breather?  
He plays, hard Fate! he sings *Sylvana's Death*,  
Let Hills and Dales express their Panick fears,  
Lament ye Rocks, and soften into tears.

Farewell ye gentle streams of *Thamisis*,  
*Sylvana* will no more your waters grace,  
How have I seen upon a Summers day,  
When *Phæbus* did extend a glorious ray,  
A Fleet of well-built boats, a goodly fight,  
Attend the Lord *Sylvana's* Barge, nor parted till the night,  
Weep all ye River-Gods, bewail this loss,  
Ye silver Streams bemoan this fatal cross.

Mourn, Britisb woods; let every *Smaim* deplore,  
Lament each Nymph: *Sylvana* is no more.

Farewell ye Sheep, ye skipping Goats adieu,  
*Sylvana* walks no more in Fields with you,  
Farewell ye little Kids, and tender Lambs,  
A long farewell to Steers and burring Rams.

Stop, ye melodious Birds, your tuneful throats,  
Alas! no more delight your warbling notes,  
*Sylvana*, that rejoyced to hear your charms,  
O wretched fate! is seized by Death's cold arms.

But let sad *Philamel* her Songs rehearse,  
She varies not from her complaining course,  
Sing, mournful Bird, thy freedom justly take,  
The Burden of thy Song *Sylvana* make.



(69)  
Ye Pitying Swans, a timely offering bring,  
And to the Great Sylvana's Praise your dying Accents sing.

Strew Leaves, ye Shepherds, on the Desert Ground,  
Sylvana Wills it: Here no Spring will be found  
Unshaded, then in sad Evocation move,  
And shew the Shepherds your latest Love:  
Then raise a Tomb, of costly make, refined,  
Of Whitest Marble, suited to her Mind:  
Which done, around it all her Name rehearse,  
And fix thereon a Monumental Verse.

' Here lies Sylvana, here it chanc'd, VVind,  
' The Greatest, Fair, & best of VVomankind,  
' Unequall'd in her Wit, VVisdom, Love,  
' In Goodness nearest to the Gods above.  
' Snatcht by grim Death in her secubest state;  
' All Nature grieves at her untimely Fate:  
' Grieves, that so good a life should have so short a date.

Mourn, British Woods, for every Swain deplore,  
Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.

Inexorable Death! Thou Bane to Joys,  
VVho, undistinguishing, the VVorld annoys,  
Couldst thou not find amongst the meaner sort  
An Object, fitter for thy fatal Dart?  
Must our Bragg'd glory thus be gone?  
Did poor Sylvana ever do thee wrong?  
O! no! She knew her wrongs, she was all good.  
The sweetest, kindest Nymph of all the Wood:  
Thou pitiless Destroyer of the Fair,  
VVhen all seems calm, thou still art lurking near:  
VVhat could provoke thee to commit this Fact?  
Believe me, 'twas a belov'd young Adm.  
To seize the Shepherdess, & hold of all her  
VVhen the Great Shepherd stood himself secure.

Behold that Shepherd now whom last we Nam'd:  
Lord of this Island, much for Hunting fam'd.  
The Lyon-Chase beyond the rest he loves  
Eager of sport, each Year to Gallia roves.

There

There Lives a Mighty Lyon, swift of pace,  
 Commanding all the Woods about the place  
 Unlimited, and ready to Devour,  
 His Cruelty as boundless, as his Power.  
 Thither with earnest steps our Swain repairs,  
 To ease the Countrey of their raging fears,  
 Resolv'd to tame the Monster fierce, and wild,  
 Or not to leave him, till he proves more mild.  
 Oft has he made him smart, and oft repell'd  
 His greatest force, and oft his Rage has quell'd.

See where he lies now, prostrate on the Ground,  
 No Comfort for the Shepherd can be found.  
 He who nere knew how to Lament, or Yield,  
 Unconquer'd in the Chase, and in the Field:  
 Look how he Weeps, Expanding both his Arms,  
 No more to tast the Lov'd *Sylvana's* Charms.  
*Sylvana* is the only word he speaks,  
*Sylvana* is the only sound he likes.  
 Name Business to him, Name Affairs of State,  
 His Answer still deplores *Sylvana's* Fate.  
 Such Magick in *Sylvana's* Name appears,  
 That tho it heightens Grief, tis Musick to his Ears.

*Mourn, British Woods; let every Swain deplore,  
 Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

She's gone, 'tis true, without Redemption fled,  
 But rests not properly among the Dead.  
 Her Soul Immortal, as her Fame on Earth,  
 Has mounted Heaven, and gain'd a second Birth.  
 The Good shall always live, and actions banish ill,  
 Shall ever Bud, and Blossom in the Dust.

Here stop, my Muse: Now, Shepherd, let us hast  
 My Flocks by this time want their Neeps Report,  
 But first, *Melampus*, mind me what I say,  
 I shall expect your Muse another Day.

# FINIS

## ERRATA

With so much Prudence manag'd all Affairs,  
 That she reviv'd our Hopes, and banish'd all our Fears.



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